DETACHED PAGES

Man! The most complex of creatures, and for tin's reason the most dependent of creatures. On everything that has foi mod yon you depend. Do not baulk at this apparent slavery, and understand that the more numerous are the laws that intercross and overlap in you, the more exquisite they are. A debtor to many, you pay for your advantages by the same number of dependencies. Understand that independence is a form of poverty; that many things claim you, thai many also claim kinship with you.

That one thing, whatever it may be, is not made for another thing, whatever it may be. Each act must find its justification and its end in itself and not be self-interested. Do not do good or evil for the reward, or the work of art with an ulterior motive; do not make love for money, or a struggle for life. But art for art's sake, good for the sake of good, evil for the sake of evil, love for love, the struggle for the* struggle, and life for life. Nature takes a hand in the rest, and the rest docs not concern us. All things are linked and subordinated in this world, this we know; but doing each thing for its own sake is the only way to justify its value.

I want to speak here of life for life's sake and cry out with the pious Lavater: "Beloveds, let us live, oh, as much as possible!"

"Hold that fast which thou hast."

We possess nothing but the feelings that things have given to us, for which gift those things were lent to us. Things and creatures are only a means to us, only an instrument of emotion. Our error consists in attaching ourselves to them. We never really possess them. Hold that fast which thou hast; and add: prize only what thou hast*

Things are the interpreters of God. In time they pass

and the meaning of his words remains. We are capable of longing for them just as, alas! we long, after hearing very dear words, for the irreplaceable voice that spoke them, Beauty of creatures and things and of countries: intonations of God's voice.

"Do you see that wrinkle?" I asked him; "it comes from a horrible fatigue. And the fatigue is the result of rny freedom. Freedom of action is all right when a powerful desire, a great passion, or an unflagging will directs it. But not this: having given an equal freedom of the city to all my desires, having welcomed them all with open arms, I now find that all of them at the same time claim the place of honor. I now firmly believe that man is incapable of choice and that he invariably yields to the strongest temptation. Even renunciation is a temptation of pride, or